

FELIX MARCHANT.

By CLARENCE PULLEN.

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CHAPTER VII.

In the high altitude of the San Simon plain the September nights are always cool, and in the growing chill of the outer air our little company was not tempted to sit, long before the station door. First the herders got up and went to take a look about the corral before turning in for the night. Next Don Ramon, his mind made easier by his report about the business of his mules, retired to repose upon his cowkin baccata spread on the station floor. The two prospectors went down to where their luggage lay heaped by the ashes of their campfire,

the donkeys up from their grazing, led them to bushes near by and then rolled themselves up in their blankets somewhere, not far away, in the darkness. Keeping company, the station keeper still remained seated on the bench by the door, and the glow of his pipe, reddening and subsiding as we sat talking in low tones, was the only sign of human activity in the scene except where a candle burned somewhere in the showman's tent, faintly illuminating the canvas and suggesting that some life was stirring within its walls.

As we talked of various matters the keeper's thoughts reverted to the buckboards due from the east and the west, and he was loath to abandon the idea that they might yet arrive that night. Reluctantly he gave it up at last.

"No use keeping awake any longer for them," he said, rising and knocking the ashes from his pipe. "One of two things has happened—they've either been jumped by Apaches on the road, or else to avoid the Indians they've delayed starting until evening so as to travel all the way in the darkness, and in that case we may look for both of the stages to come rolling up to the station in the morning. In either event I can't see anything better for me to do than turn in."

"Where'll you spread your blankets tonight?" he asked. "Hadin' you better come into the station? There's lots of room."

"My hard and I have arranged to sleep in the corral shed," I answered. "We'll be near the horses to help the herders out in case of any trouble during the night."

"That's a good idea, in case the rustlers should come prowling round. Indians we don't have to look out for so much at the station. That tent there is of itself enough to keep 'em at a distance. No matter how big or how bad a band of Apaches may be, they're slow to come near where a big tent is set up. Some say it's because they're so superstitious against attacking anything white. They worship white birds. Perhaps you've heard? But the story that's generally told runs in this way: A good many years ago a war party of Apaches crept up to where a big tent was pitched on the prairie. It looked all quiet and peaceful, and they allowed they'd give whoever was in it an unpleasant surprise. Well, when they got through checking over the tent they meant to have they jumped it in great shape, whooping and yelling. But the surprise didn't come in the way they'd counted on. The tent turned out to be full of soldiers, lying all ready for 'em with guns in hand, and the way they thinned out the Apaches that morning was a caution to red evil-doers everywhere. Those Indians that got away and those that grew up after 'em have had a prejudice ever since against jumping at any inch where they don't know what's inside it, and the very sight of white tents makes 'em skittish. By the way, I haven't seen your pard for a good bit of time. I reckon he's visiting the showman's party. They're still keeping it up inside the canvas."

From the interior of the tent came the tinkle of a guitar and the low sung notes of a Spanish melody. These romantic sounds, doubly beautiful in the moonlight that now flooded the scene, did not avail to detain the station keeper from his slumbers, and he entered the station, leaving me to wait alone for Felix. The sound of guitar and singing ceased, but the light in the tent continued, and my comrades still did not appear. It was wearisome to wait longer and unadvisable to go in quest of him, so I went to the open shed of the corral, where our blankets already had been carried, spread them out and, rolling myself in mine, dropped lightly off to sleep. It was a full hour later when, roused by the restlessness of the mules and horses, I woke to see a tall figure crossing the corral. Hailing him in a low voice, I was answered by Felix.

I raised myself on my elbow. "What have you found out?" I asked when he had come to me. "Did you learn what the Mexican girl's tantrum was all about?"

"I found out something," he answered. Then, glancing significantly toward the herders lying asleep at the other end of the shed: "We'd better talk it over where we shan't be overheard. Let's go outside the corral."

I rose and silently followed him from the inclosure. The full moon, now risen in the east, bathed the plain in mellow

From the station building a long black shadow stretched westward and mingled with the darkness of the cactus and mesquite clumps off in that direction. Into this shadow we passed, and in its darkness walked silently down into the hiding of the vegetation. We continued onward until we had got so far away from the station that the sound of our voices, talking in low tones, could not reach it. Not until then did we stop. We crouched in the concealment of a mesquite clump, and Felix in a whisper told the story of his experiences since the close of the performance.

"I left you and went in to the tent," he began. "I found the Señor Trinito, naturally enough glad to see me bringing the money to pay for his entertainment. The company, after the fatigues of the evening, were all taking a late supper of tortillas and chili con carne. After I had counted the money out to him and he found that it exceeded the amount agreed on, the señor, in the fullness of his heart, insisted that I join in their feast, an invitation that I duly accepted. La Lupita had so far recovered from her recent excitement as to develop a very fair appetite, and as she munched away prettily at a tortilla there was only a shade of uneasiness in her face as a reminder of the rumpus she had so lately raised. But it was easy to see that the storm had only lulled, not passed away, and that it would take very little provocation to set the señorita on the warpath once more."

"Under the circumstances I did not think it advisable to try to improve my acquaintance with her; so, instead, I made myself as agreeable as I knew how to the company in general. There was a new complication in the situation when, in the course of a few minutes after my arrival, who should walk in but our outlaw leader, Billy the Kid. He swung in, with his dardevil air and pistols displayed, evidence that he was a personage to be respectfully treated. He made himself entirely at home, picked up a guitar, strummed a tune and sang a Mexican love song, then talked in Spanish to Lupita in a fashion decidedly free and easy."

"Seeing that there was nothing to be done with Lupita, I fell to talking to the maestro. I had some cigarette tobacco that hit his taste, and, after I had made him a present of a handful of it, he found a bottle of tequila among his luggage, and, taking me to one side, we had some drinks together, on the quiet, very sociably. The maestro warmed his heart and loosened his tongue. To make a long story short, I let him on to talk, and after he had aired his own merits and the excellencies of his show I brought into the conversation the topic of the charming Lupita, who I took good care should be well out of earshot. He expatiated upon her attractions as a performer and actress, and then, to bring him to the point I was after, I complimented her beauty and acting and asked him if he had seen her from the ring with the dagger upraised was part of the play."

"He shrugged his shoulders. 'No, señor, I regret to say it not. It was a pity to waste such superb passion on reality instead of in the actress's art, but such is her nature. The reason for her strange behavior tonight I do not fully understand, but from words she let fall it appears that she thought she saw some one in the audience whom she regarded as a deadly enemy. It is ever so with these gifted children of genius and beauty. The emotional nature predominates, and their tempers are not under control. I cannot deny that she has given way to her anger before, but never has she behaved so violently.'

"Do you suspect who the person may be so honored as to have moved the lovely señorita to such a magnificent outburst of passion?" I asked.

"Quien sabe! Suspect I may, but I did not see him."

"I saw him. He was peering in at the entrance to the tent. Can you tell me his name if I describe him to you?"

"Yes, señor, if he is the man I think he is. What was he like?"

"I described the face you had seen at the entrance. The maestro listened intently."

"Did he have a scar upon his face on the left of the forehead?" he asked.

"I had not spoken of that, though you had mentioned this characteristic of the face," I answered. "It was directly over the left eyebrow."

"The maestro's shoulders lifted, and he gave a short nod. He seemed suddenly inspired with caution and reserve. 'I think I know him,' he said, and then was silent. I said nothing, but waited. I looked toward the bottle, and he filled our glasses. We emptied them. Then he spoke:

"I feared, señor, who it might be. He was Lupita's lover, who deserted her for another at Tucson. She swore to kill him, but we got away without trouble, and I hoped we had seen the last of him, for I dislike such affairs. Now that he is here and she knows it, anything may happen. Indeed he used Lupita badly, and you know that a jealous Mexican woman's resentment is terrible. It spelled the finest passage in my performance, and the worst may be yet to come. As to this man, I warn you as a friend have nothing to do with him. Let him be neither your friend nor foe. He is bold, dangerous and treacherous, and there is ill luck where he comes."

"Señor Trinito felt his tequila and evidently was started on a subject where he felt a personal grievance. He entertained me with some stories of Lupita's ex-lover, who seems to be a pretty thoroughgoing 'no good.' But through all this I had not got his name, which the maestro clearly hesitated to pronounce. I was afraid that if I asked for it out-right the maestro's suspicions would be aroused, and, finding I was trying to pump him, he would give me no more information. So at a time when he paused for breath I carefully said, inventing a name for the occasion:

"Don't you suppose that this Navarro has made himself scarce and cleared out, now that Lupita has discovered him?"

"Pardón, señor," he said quickly. "It is not of a Navarro I speak, but of Gaspar Sangrado."

"On hearing the name the situation became clearer to me. Lupita's enemy is the Mexican whom Captain Boston told you about, Carmen's admirer, who is so unacceptable to her father. I had found out all that could be learned, and as it was getting late and the tequila bottle was now much the worse for

wear I said good night and came away."

Felix paused, then added: "Now we know so much about the matter have you anything to propose?"

"Carmen's name, I am to understand, was mentioned during your conversation," I said.

"Not once," I said. "We are both rather bound to see the old don and his daughter safe through on their journey," I said, "and this desperate lover seems to be rather a bad lot. It would simplify the matter if we knew how Carmen feels toward him. She may fancy him and might not thank us for interfering with his pursuit of her. A Mexican girl, you know, can forgive a great many insults and even crimes in an ardent, dashing lover."

"It may not be Carmen's feelings so much as Don Ramon's safety—and our own, for that matter—that we have to consider. Sangrado, by all we hear, wouldn't hesitate to make short work of any one standing in his way. In any case, he is probably out for plunder as well as love."

"One thing I think you must agree with me on," I said. "That is, to say nothing to Don Ramon at present about what we have discovered."

"Most certainly I do," returned Felix. "It would only serve to harrow him up and might bring on the very disaster we shall try to avert. There is nothing for us to do but keep a good lookout and stand ready to meet emergencies as they arise."

We had ended our colloquy upon the subject that had drawn us from the station when another question occurred to me.

"About Lupita?" I asked. "You said that Billy the Kid was devoted himself to her. How did he succeed? Did he persuade her into a liaison?"

"Well, yes. But it's not any to-day, I can assure you. She seemed flattered and pleased by the attention of so dashing a caballero. There was a dangerous devil in her eye, though, and I'll wager she was thinking more of revenge than of love-making. He said good night to her before I left. Then he sauntered out to where the maestro and I were sitting, helped himself to a glass of tequila, sized me up from head to foot while he drank it, said business notes and went away. I shouldn't be surprised if he had a part to play in the drama that we are all enacting around this well in the desert."

"My limbs were cramped and weary with crouching 'at attention' while I listened."

"If everything's been said, I suppose we may as well go back to the corral," I began and started to rise to my feet. But Felix's hand was suddenly pressed upon my mouth and forced me back among the mesquite reeds.

"S-s-s-t!" he cautioned me in a low whisper. "Don't move or stir, but listen."

Luck for us that the night breeze, lightly rustling the leaves, the grass and weeds, had merged in its sound our whispered voices. To the windward, not 20 yards away, two persons were talking together in low tones, and the breeze brought their words to us with perfect distinctness. From their accent they were clearly Mexicans, and the language they used, their native tongue, was well understood by Felix and myself. Peering intently into the darkness, we presently could discern the figures of the speakers as they stood in the shadow of a branching cactus that screened them from observation from the direction of the station.

This was the part of their conversation important to our story:

"It was the devil's own doing, Miguel, that I should meet Lupita here. Of course, as soon as she saw me, the painted hell cat came for me, knife in hand, and made a great scene. I slipped away, but the discovery has been made that I am here, and no doubt Don Ramon will be put on his guard so as to be enabled the better to block my plans."

"Truly, señor, the affair was unfortunate, but it is only one more obstacle to surmount. After all I said there are only her father and Manuel to be reckoned with, and we are five in number. And the little Indian, Dolores—she, you know, is my dear friend. She is loyal to her mistress and will not help us to do anything against the señorita's inclinations. But she will serve her in anything she desires to do and will take a message to her if I request it. She has talked very freely with me about how things go on at the station and all the people that are there."

"How did you manage to get an interview with her?"

"There was no trouble in the matter, señor. I introduced myself to the showman's people as a comrade and was welcomed to their hospitality. I stood by the entrance when Don Ramon's party came into the tent. No one at the station except Dolores knows my face, and those who entered supposed that I

belonged to the show. A whispered word to Dolores as she passed me was enough, and as soon as she safely could she stole from the tent to join me for a few minutes. In that time I found out all that was to be learned from her."

"What had she to say of the Señorita Carmen? Will she grant me an interview?"

"I am sorry to say it, Don Gaspar, but she feels positive the señorita will not consent to speak with you unless in her father's presence and with his consent."

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"Then it is needless to waste time in waiting longer. We must carry away this scornful señorita tonight." The speaker seemed suddenly to have become aware that he was speaking too loudly

and continued in a lower tone, "You tell me there are a door and a window to their room?"

"Yes, señor, a door opening upon the corral and a window that looks upon the plain."

"And her father and Manuel, where do they sleep?"

"In the front room where the station keeper and his herders stay. But the herders will sleep in the corral tonight."

"It is well to know that. We must have our horses in readiness and force the door that opens upon the corral. It will lie in the shadow almost until the dawn."

"It will be unnecessary to break the door in, señor. At my signal Dolores will open it to come to meet me. It is all arranged between us."

"Good. Have the men in readiness and let them understand that they are to make short work of any one who gets in the way."

"One word more, señor. There are two caballeros, Americans, who have traveled with Don Ramon's party from the Apache pass and intend to accompany him as far as Silver City. They are well armed, and in carrying away the señorita we may have to reckon with them."

"Where do these cursed gringos sleep?"

"That Dolores could not tell me, but she thinks they spread their blankets in the front room of the station, with Don Ramon and Manuel."

"Pity it is not upon the prairie, where we might anticipate all trouble from them by quietly cutting their throats. But we will deal with them quite as effectively if they presume to interfere."

"It is well, señor. Shall I go to inform the men to bring up the horses?"

"Wait a little, Miguel. We will reconnoiter the station to see that all is clear. The moon is too bright to be the best for our undertaking. Would it were darker."

The two men emerged from the shadow of the cactus and for a moment stood fully revealed to us in the moonlight. One, as I already knew from what had been said, was the Mexican whose face I had seen at the tent entrance. He was of medium height, of slender, athletic form and was dressed in the Mexican costume of jacket, sombrero and "charro" pantaloons. His large silver spurs were fastened at his heels, and two pistols hung at his belt. His companion, a man shorter of stature, was similarly but less richly attired and was equally well equipped with weapons. Unsuspecting of our presence, they passed so near us that I could be reaching forth my arm have touched them with the muzzle of my revolver. Silently they stole past us. Rising from our feet, we watched them vanish from our sight as they passed into the long shadow of the station building on their way to reconnoiter the scene where their plot was to be enacted.

Felix touched my arm and pointed westward down the plain, where the moonbeams lighted a long vista among the mesquites and cactuses. There at the end they were reflected from a bit of metal that might have been a buckle or gun plate. About it were darkly outlined the forms of a group of men and horses standing motionless in the shadows.

CHAPTER VIII.

In trying to find out who the stranger was whose appearance at the tent entrance had been the cause of Lupita's demonstration and had resulted in breaking up the show Felix and I had gained far more information than we had expected. Our principal concern in making the quest had been the safety of our horses. We now not only knew that Sangrado, the undesirable suitor of Don Ramon's daughter, was lurking, with his followers, about the station, but also the purpose of his visit and the details of the plot he was about to put into execution for carrying off Carmen. More than this, his conversation with his lieutenant, Miguel, had informed us of what was very important that we should know—that Carmen was ignorant of his presence and that she would not willingly go away with him or so much as consent to see him. It also made us aware of the part Dolores was playing, in which, through her sentimental attachment for Miguel, she was acting unwittingly as an accomplice in the scheme to abduct her mistress.

There was no tie of kindred or long friendship to impel my comrade and me to entangle ourselves in the hazards of interference with a Mexican love affair. But in the light of what we knew it plainly belonged to us that we should not permit Carmen to be carried off against her will by a bandit. So far our duty was clear. As to our course of action, we had first to stay in concealment where we were until Sangrado and his companion returned. The meaning of their present excursion to the station was only to spy out the ground, and it was almost a certainty that they would come back the same way that they had gone. The time they would have to consume in getting their men and horses in readiness and in bringing them up to their stations would give us time to return to the corral and there take such measures to balk them as the situation seemed to require.

In about 20 minutes Sangrado and his lieutenant came back, moving stealthily and swiftly down the long shadow from the station. As soon as they had gained the shelter of the mesquites they began to talk in low tones. Sangrado was the first to speak.

"We must do it tonight, Miguel. If we wait to waylay them on the trail, the thing is doubly dangerous. In that case we must kill all but Carmen, and then an outlaw of what use will the old don's hacienda on the Santa Cruz ever be to me? But here no watch is kept, for her father believes her safe. We are nearer our stronghold too. If once I get Carmen safe away from the station, we shall be in the morning where no pursuers can follow us."

"It is well, señor. Shall I bring the men and horses up at once?"

"Stay a moment. I wish to think."

With inductive caution, and as he waited a little, I found his leader, who, shielded from view from the station, stood erect and indifferent to observation in the moonlight.

His clear cut, handsome face, showing in profile beneath his broad sombrero, was dark and sinister. His right hand rested upon the butt of the pistol at his hip as if it were grasping a sword hilt. With his haughty attitude and the picture of a Spanish cavalier of the sixteenth century as he stood about to embark in an adventure so desperate and so unscrupulous in purpose that it would have been deemed unworthy of the chivalry of that epoch.

His meditations were brief. He turned to his follower, who at once rose to his feet and stood in an attitude of attention: "We will bring the horses up to the edges of the mesquites," he said. "Then you will go to the station and give Dolores the signal to come to you. Get her away from the house so far that she can give no alarm. Don't be far away from the horses. I will leave them in charge of Dolores. The other two men will keep near me to help if necessary. Then I will enter the room and persuade the señorita to come willingly with me or will carry her out wrapped in a blanket, as she may elect. Then to our horses and westward across the plain to our camp in the Chiricahuas. Take Dolores with you when we ride or stab or throttle her, as you choose. But her mistress shall come with me, or I will leave her body, with my knife through her heart, as a token of my remembrance to her father."

They passed onward along the vista at the end of which we had seen the men and horses. They did not travel directly in the path of the light, but kept to one side among the shadows.

Behind them, almost where they had been standing, a figure rose from behind a bunch of tall sand grass. It was the form of a woman, clad in a dark mantle that came to her feet. Above the top of the high grass her head was lifted as she gazed after the men retreating from view. Her attitude was that of a panting hound, as she watched the movements of an antelope too far away to be within compass of his spring. Motionless as a statue, save for the slight movement of the head as it bent to left or right so as to keep in sight the disappearing figures, she stood until they must have passed from view. Slowly she raised her right arm above her head and then brought it forward, pointing in the direction they had taken with a gesture of menace, dramatic and terrible. For several seconds she stood thus, motionless, a threatening shade, then turned and glided into the long shadow of the tent, with which her form instantly merged indistinguishably.

In the instant that she turned and passed as we caught a full view of her face. The rounded contours of cheek and chin and the handsome features could not be mistaken. But the look of fixed resolve and deadly hate, the still gleam of eyes so black and vengeful, had transformed her usual gay, devil-may-care expression to one infinitely more menacing and dangerous even than that she had exhibited in her frantic outburst of passion in the amphitheater three hours before.

Whether one of us said it, or whether it was a thought that came simultaneously to Felix and me, I could not tell then, nor can I today. But it seemed that the whisper passed between us: "It is Lupita—or the devil walking in her form. And she has overheard Don Gaspar Sangrado's plot."

A new element had entered into the situation, and its effect neither Felix nor I could compute. Would the discovery of Lupita had made intensify her resentment against her recent lover, or would it turn the volume of her wrath upon the innocent head of Carmen, whom she might now regard as her rival and supplanter? She was a Mexican woman, wounded in her affections, and there was no foreseeing the direction in which her jealous passion might lead her.

Her form had vanished like a wraith into the obscurity, and the way was open for us to go back unobserved to the station. But still we stood looking in the direction she had taken and then at each other, trying to estimate the bearing of this new complication upon Don Gaspar Sangrado's design. From these meditations our attention was attracted by another apparition, the form of a man, stealing up from the direction of the stage tent toward the tent. Dimly we could discern him, for his clothes were of a neutral tint difficult to distinguish in the night. But as he came nearer, where the moon rays fell upon him so that we could see him more distinctly, we could tell that he was slight of build and wore a light colored sombrero.

"It's the Kid, I believe," whispered Felix. "We must try to gather what he's abroad for in the moonlight. If he's after Lupita, as I suspect, I wish him joy of his courtship in the mood she's in tonight. If she doesn't bring about a shooting match between him and Sangrado, it won't be for want of trying on her part."

The advancing figure came near the tent and passed into the shadow it threw down the slope. Following his motions, which we still dimly could discern against the canvas, we saw him pause. Then from where he stood came the low note of a bird call, given in a tone singularly natural, fresh and clear. After he had several times repeated the call its note was succeeded by the words, sung under his breath, of an Andalusian love song. Presently we could distinguish that between the lines of the song he was improvising words of his own, an impassioned appeal that his true love, his beautiful señorita, would come forth to her impatient and sorrowing lover.

His song, a mingling of terse and idiomatic frontier words and phrases with the extravagant metaphor and hyperbole of an oriental singer, all rendered in the liquid Spanish tongue to attractive melody, was strangely poetical and musical. Standing as we were in concealment not 50 yards away from the singer, Felix and I, knowing that we were on the verge of a hostile encounter with a faintly gauged whose desperate purpose we meant to thwart at all hazards, listened entranced to the song of this romantic desperado. Coldly, unfeelingly, and steeped in crime, he was in his mood of wooing, and in this desert oasis a song that

(Continued on page three.)

Business Cards.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS

SATURDAY, APRIL 17.

Cashier Stickney of the Great Falls bank of Somersworth, N. H., murdered and bank robbed of \$5000; two waiters, Mass., hoxers arrested on suspicion for Somersworth officers; one also suspected of the Waltham robbery;—Gorman to have his way about filling vacancies in senate committee;—Miller-Triest secures the release of a naturalized American citizen at Constantinople;—Swiss president selected as arbitrator of the Brazil-French Guiana boundary;—President to appoint another Rodriguez commission;—Order sending Lieutenant Perry to San Francisco to look after the international conference over the landing of the new French cable at Cape Cod;—President appoints the board of visitors to West Point;—Testimony in the Martin case published;—Shoe and leather men believe they have saved the tax on hides;—Important and in the Reynolds triple murder case;—Subjude of Colonel William H. Hart, associate justice of the Chelsea, Mass., police court;—Strong efforts for the appointment of Herbert Bowen as minister to Spain;—Secretary of the Interior to keep Assistant Secretary Jordan in office;—Secretary Sherman's plan to put a new chief clerk in the state department;—Order to call several officers made in the officials of the treasury department;—General Weyler's representative and the Cuban junta have a peace conference;—Western senators decide to stand for amendment to wool schedule of the Dingley tariff bill;—Death of J. S. Martin, the veteran actor;—Colonel Carol D. Wright endorses General Francis A. Walker;—Hon. L. T. Carlton elected commander of the Maine G. A. R.

SUNDAY, APRIL 18.
Trail of Kelley, who murdered Cashier Stickney, last at Sherbrooke, Que.; General Weyler dispenses the good offices of the United States;—Turkish council of ministers declares war has broken out and gives Greek minister his passport;—Three alleged men of straw;—22 for a nerve line in Summer street building;—Heads of two of the victims of Hurlville, R. I., murder found in ashes in cellar of Mowry's part of the house;—Big crevasse in levee at Delta, La.; half the town under water;—Provisional government formed in Honduras;—Horses run away with a hearse in Everett, Mass.;—Death of John Lane, the veteran Chicago inventor;—Survivors of the first volunteer company sent to front in civil war banqueting in Cambridge;—Congressman Miliken of Maine critically ill in Washington;—Junta representative think Spain will release Cuba for a suitable indemnity;—Harvard varsity crew make a new two-mile record for the Charles;—General Grant's body removed from temporary tomb to new mausoleum;—Annual banquet of the Suburban Press association of Boston;—Death of Dr. William G. Wheeler of Chelsea, Mass.;—Mayor Jenkins and Patrick Ford of Lawrence, Mass., found not guilty of conspiracy and attempt to bribe;—Successful X-ray examination in Bates college;—Inmates of farmhouse near Flint, O., tortured and robbed;—Death of Henry D. Hyde, a leading member of the Boston bar;—Japanese immigrants in Honolulu now said to be trained soldiers;—Frank Wentworth, would-be Newton (N. H.) partridge, admits his guilt;—Fear of disbarment;—It is thought Judge W. H. Hart of Chelsea, Mass., to end his life.

MONDAY, APRIL 19.
Murderer Kelley still eludes the officers;—Message from the supposed alibi found, addressed to Edison;—Immense crowd visits Grant's tomb daily;—Further breaks in Louisiana levees feared;—Nearly 200,000 persons in Cuba suffering from hunger;—No new developments in Kentucky secessionist fight;—Golden anniversary of Editor Curtis Guild of Boston;—Fifty years ago began his journalistic career;—New clue in the "treble robbery" at Waltham (Mass.); police have several men under suspicion;—Arrest likely to follow in a few days;—"Patriots" day observed fittingly at Boston;—Class of '72 to place a clock and a bell in tower of Memorial hall at Harvard;—Fire at Grand Concourse, Ill., causes loss of \$15,000;—Probable that Baron Corbett will be agreed upon as fifth arbitrator in the Venezuelan negotiations;—"Three Dartmouth students suspended for breaking into the chemical laboratory;—Bernard Rowland of Haver, Mass., assaulted in a barroom and likely to die;—Watchman employed by a Charlestown (Mass.) undertaker stabbed and dangerously wounded;—Filthy stunts to follow in case at Sullivan's challenge to fight;—Death of Hon. F. H. Miliken of Maine;—W. F. McGinnis, known on the stage as W. F. Mack, dead;—Death of Milnes Leckie, the former well-known actor.

TUESDAY, APRIL 20.
Joseph Kelley, alleged murderer of Cashier Stickney of Somersworth, N. H., bank, arrested in house of ill repute in Montreal. He made no attempt to conceal his identity. Considerable money was found upon his person when caught. Fourteen thousand persons see the Philadelphia beat Boston in the opening league game;—New Parvillite prelate outlined by Mr. John Redmond Italian expedition annihilated by Abyssinians;—National senate passes the Indian appropriation bill, and sets a day for voting on the arbitration treaty;—Frank Wentworth of Exeter, N. H., confesses to having tried to poison his father and stepmother;—Attempt to wreck a fine new dwelling at Fairfield, Conn.;—House once owned by Laura Keane, the actress, at Arushet, Mass., burned;—Fire in Berea, O., causes loss of \$50,000;—Brighton, Mass., dwelling house destroyed by fire; loss \$10,000;—Exciting debate over a resolution in the Maine Methodist conference;—Body of John White of Lynn, Mass., who disappeared last December found in the water near a wharf in that city;—Trouble over the street lighting question in Gloucester, Mass.;—Removal of the "Old Sixth" Massachusetts regiment at Boston;—Frank Flanders wins the DeLham, Mass., 10-mile road race;—Gloucester, Mass., road race won by Tracey of Hartford;—Death of Mayor Benjamin F. Brickett of Haverhill, Mass.;—Meeting and banquet of the American Irish Historical society at Boston;—Sons of the Revolution considering a consolidation with Sons of American Revolution;—Two appointments by Governor Power of Maine;—Annual meeting and banquet of Massachusetts Society of the Revolution;—Frank A. Reed at Alna, Me., committed suicide;—Oscar Gardner and Austin Rice fight a 20-round draw in New York;—Suicide of Ernest F. Markham of Boston confirmed;—Eastern war new causes wild hurries in Chicago and New York wheat markets;—J. J. McDermott of New York wins the B. A. Marathon race from Ashland to Irvington oval, Boston;—Dr. Angell going to Turkey on a special mission to return when it is fulfilled;—Party of Japanese emigrants leave San Francisco for the big Mexican free grant;—Body of an Everett man found in a brook in Sudbury, Mass.;—Bill for Bidding High theatre bills passes New

York assembly;—Wife and daughter of Mr. Hyatt, American vice consul at Santiago de Cuba, attacked by yellow fever;—**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21.**

Joseph H. Kelley makes a full confession of how he murdered Cashier Stickney at Somersworth, N. H.;—A Republican minority of the house privately circulates an address consisting of "Reds";—Nova Scotia elections result in overwhelming defeat for Conservatives;—"The flood situation in the South unchanged;—The Hottel expedition safe;—Papers in the case of two American sailors imprisoned in Cuba last year transmitted to the senate by the president;—Two earthquakes, the first in the state, at Ohio yesterday;—Colonel Hatterby gets a verdict of \$1522.18 against Oncea Week;—Application for grant parade tickets for Boston councilmen causes some warm discussion in New York;—Advertiser in "The Polar Star" settles at Fall River;—Fifty lines not simply drawn in Vermont municipal election;—Governor Black of New York signs the bill making the Italian liquor law more stringent;—Process of the Republic of the future committee on the tariff bill;—Morgan's Cuban resolution goes over for a week;—Lively contest pending in Maine over the election of a successor to Congressman Miliken;—Corbett challenges Fitzsimmons, and is told to go "earn a reputation as a fighter";—Billy Vernon, knocked out in a glove contest near Philadelphia, may die;—Death of Captain George Crosby of Bangor, Me.;—Death of July committee, Somersville, Mass., refuses to consent to "the red schoolhouse" feature in parade;—Billy Birch, the old minister, dies in New York;—Haverhill (Mass.) city government take action on the death of Mayor Brickett;—Mysterious case of Daniel McDonald, the missing Gloucester fisherman;—Body of an unknown man found in the river near Bath, Me.;—Delaware peach and fruit crops badly damaged by the frost;—Appeal to the supreme court in Ohio Kelley's suit to recover control of Ferdinand;—"Reds" on the loose;—Dr. Hunter will withdraw from the Kentucky secessionist fight;—Bostonian Cyclops a woman organization, gives a industrial show;—Inspectors on subway work testify at gas explosion investigation in Boston;—E. J. McPherson of Lincoln, Mass., blinds Albert Shepherd in a quarrel over a woman;—Fire causes a loss of \$15,000 in St. Stephen's church, Boston;—Warrant for arrest served on Mill Treasurer Hadley of New Bedford, Mass.;—May 10 Arbor day in Maine;—Arthur Cheney Train of Cambridge, Mass., married to Miss Ethel Kisson of New York.

THURSDAY, APRIL 22.
Senator Mason of Illinois creates a sensation in a speech favoring a closure rule in the senate;—Federation of Labor memorializes congress and the president on the subject of relief from existing laws;—Inquest in the case of the Reynolds triple murder case at Hurlville, R. I.;—Funeral of Mayor Brickett of Haverhill, Mass.;—Regulation papers granted in the case of ex-Turkish Consul Ismail;—Brigadier Ducas succeeds Rivera in command of the Cuban in Pinar del Rio;—Dr. Hunter withdraws from the secessionist fight in Kentucky;—Retrospective change will be stricken out of Dingley bill;—Possibility that the measure may get to conference by June 1, and be passed before July 1;—Paw-tucket ball team beats the Boston league team;—Funeral of late Congressman Miliken at Belfast, Me.;—Representative Holman of Indiana in a very critical condition;—Big levee at Ship-land, La., breaks, causing a loss of \$1,000,000;—Commercial Travelers' National league incorporated in New York;—Honduras revolution ended;—Death of Brigadier General Richard W. Johnston at St. Paul;—Vernon, the knocked-out boxer, still at the point of death in Philadelphia;—Two women ride from New York to Philadelphia in 8½ hours;—Coach Cook speaks in a deprecating way of the Yale crew;—Good chance of moving the Bennett mill corporation of New Bedford, Mass.;—Gambett Annapolis trial trip in the sound today;—Dartmouth case rush won by the secessionists;—Old frigate Constitution to be repaired and towed to Boston;—State board of education declines to endorse state commission's report on rocks and boulders;—Hayes will contest open in supreme court in East Cambridge, Mass.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23.
Murderer Kelley placed in Dover (N. H.) jail, and will be arraigned at Somersworth tomorrow;—Lively session of the national senate;—A bankruptcy bill passed;—Joseph A. Insigt taken back to Boston from New York;—Trial trip of the gunboat Annapolis a success;—Democratic factions in the house wrangle;—Baseball: Baltimore beats Boston; 6:00 people at the six league games;—Harris' surrender purchased by baseball magnates at a cost of \$5000 to \$10,000;—Death of Representative W. S. Holman of Indiana;—Attempted assassination of King Humbert of Italy;—Laborer attempted to stab him;—Frank Mass appointed to succeed Mr. Roosevelt on New York police commission;—Man registering as Herman Meeker of Boston committed suicide in New York;—Canada's preferential tariff will be against the United States and in favor of Great Britain;—Inquest into the Reynolds tragedy at Hurlville, R. I.;—Sullivan and Mace may box before the knottosee;—Whitebeck, a sophomore, temporarily given a seat in the Harvard class;—J. Albert Brackett appointed special justice of the West Roxbury district court (Boston);—Funeral of Congressman Seth L. Miliken at Belfast, Me.;—Eight more warrants sworn out against Mill Treasurer Hadley of New Bedford, Mass.;—Life imprisonment for Sylvester Brundage who pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree at Boston;—Otha E. Bullock of Haverhill, Mass., dies of yellow fever on Swinburne island;—Billy Vernon, the boxer, dies from the effects of his fight at Philadelphia;—Opening session and banquet of the grand council, Royal Arcanum, of Massachusetts at Boston;—Burlington-Crozier disappearing gun-carriage and steel cannon tested at the Watertown (Mass.) arsenal;—Turkish government denies that the Greeks have captured the islands of Mytilene and Scio, off the west coast of Asia Minor.

Annapolis a Success.
Bridgeport, Conn., April 24.—The new United States gunboat Annapolis had her official trial trip over the course in Long Island sound yesterday, and it was successful in every way. The little vessel made an average hourly speed of 13.43 knots, which is 1.43 knots better than the contract requirements. There is no bonus allowed by the government for excess of contract speed.

The Martin Hearing.
Boston, April 24.—The arguments were made in the Martin hearing yesterday and the inquiry closed. Governor Wolcott announced that a decision would not be rendered until the case had been carefully considered.

Another McKimley's Birthday.
Canton, O., April 23.—Nancy Allison McKimley, mother of President McKimley, celebrated her 85th birthday at her home here yesterday.

Pain-Killer

(PERRY DAVID.)
A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaint.

Pain-Killer

This is a true statement and it can't be made too strong or too emphatic.

It is a simple, safe and quick cure for

Cramps, Cough, Rheumatism, Colic, Colds, Nausea, Diarrhea, Dropsy, Toothache.

Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

Keep it by you. Beware of Imitations. Buy only the Genuine—Perry David's.

Sold Everywhere.

ABLAZE WITH WAR

Greek and Turkish Blood Flowing in Macedonia.

Turkey Makes Formal Declaration of War and Greece Accepts—More Fighting Continues Day and Night—Escaping Portents of Horrifying Hosts.

Athens, April 19.—Turkey has formally declared war against Greece and Greece has accepted. Fighting is going on incessantly on the frontier of Macedonia and the next day or two will see some decisive engagements.

Athens, April 20.—In the second engagement at Givizioti, the Greek brigade commanded by General Mastropas was able to return, after giving way before the Turkish hussars. Another Greek brigade, under the command of General Mincipoulis, is hurrying to re-enforce General Mastropas.

At Monrovia Pass, April 19.—A fierce battle raged in the pass all Saturday night. The Greeks, who entered and descended toward the valley, encountered four battalions of Turks, who drove them back, and at the point of the bayonet, the force of the Greek army was defeated. The Turkish hussars, which the Greeks had entered in force, were the victors.

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IN HUB MARKETS.

Butter Receipts Slightly Increased and Prices Lower.

Cheese Remains Steady and Unchanged. Egg Receipts Large With Low Prices. Maple Sugar Season Closed—Cattle Market—Other Products.

Boston, April 23.—The butter market continues in buyers' favor, under the influence of increased receipts and a slow trade, and prices are about 1 cent lower than a week ago. So far there is very little accumulation, but buyers are holding off, and as a further increase in supplies is expected, sellers may have to make more concessions before bottom is reached.

The creameries in New York and Vermont which were closed most of the winter have been opened, and a material increase in the make is probable from this time forward. The Western creameries are also sending a little larger supplies, and as the roads are in better condition there will be no further check to the full development of the season's supply.

Receivers of Vermont and New Hampshire fresh creamery asked 15¢ to 19 cents for lots in small tubs and boxes, but 18 cents for tubs will be a full price. The maintenance of this price will depend upon the quantity that comes in later in the week, and buyers are very bearish in their operations.

After passing the highest grade, prices will have to be scaled down considerably, and country shippers may be prepared for a decline of 1 to 2 cents per pound.

The cheese market is not as brisk as last week, and while there is no material change in prices, it would be hard to place a lot of 50 or 100 boxes at 12 cents. Sales are mostly in a small way at 12 to 12½ cents, and the stock here is held mostly by one firm. Small lots of Western are arriving, but there is no demand for them, and the price is nominal, except in the case of a fancy brand or two, which are taken at about 12½ cents.

As to the demand for cold storage, the egg market has been rather quiet and prices have ruled low. Receipts continue large and sales of Western have been at 10 to 10½ cents, with selected lots at cold storage at 10½ to 11 cents.

The stock in cold storage on Saturday was 31,424 cases, against 31,110 cases same time last year. Receipts for the week were 32,353 cases, and of these 12,625 cases were put into cold storage.

Receipts of maple sugar have dropped off, and the season will soon be closed. Sugar is cleaning up fairly, but at low prices, best small cakes selling at 8 cents and large at 6 and 7 cents per pound. Rump is moving off at 45 to 55 cents per pound.

The bean market is without improvement, and sales run along at 55 to 59 cents per bushel for choice marrow peas and middlings. Best Maine marrow peas are meeting with fair sale at 45 cents, and other kinds at 30 to 40 cents. Bermuda onions are selling at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per ton. Apples are quiet at from \$1.50 down to \$1 per barrel for sound. The demand for grass seed is moderate, and prices are unchanged.

THE PRODUCE MARKET.
Vegetables—Foreign ones in larger supply. Southern truck in good supply. Cold cabbage, 55¢ to 60¢ per bushel; turnips, 60¢ to 65¢ per bushel; tomatoes, Florida, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per ton; spinach, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per ton; string beans, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per ton; Florida cabbage, \$1.75 to \$2.00 per ton; Bermuda onions, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per ton.

Poultry—Northern fresh chickens and turkeys scarce and in demand. Western broilers and fowls. Northern and Eastern chickens, 10¢ to 12¢ per pound; fowls, 10¢ to 12¢ per pound; extra, 12¢ to 14¢ per pound; common to good, 8¢ to 10¢ per pound; Western turkeys, 10¢ to 12¢ per pound; fowls, good to choice, 8¢ to 10¢ per pound; extra, 12¢ to 14¢ per pound; common to good, 8¢ to 10¢ per pound.

Meat—Cornmeal is firm, with sales at 61¢ to 62¢ per bag, and \$1.45 to \$1.50 per bushel for extra. Oatmeal quiet; cut, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per bushel; rolled and ground, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per bushel; bran, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; middlings, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; shorts, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; meal, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; rye, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; wheat, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; corn, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; soybeans, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; peas, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; lentils, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; beans, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; buckwheat, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; rye, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; wheat, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; corn, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; soybeans, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; peas, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; lentils, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; beans, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; buckwheat, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; rye, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; wheat, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; corn, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; soybeans, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; peas, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; 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